

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is a great deal of truth in the statement that if Turkey were to join the Triple Alliance this would mean the end of the Triple Alliance. There would, of course, be four of them.

Mr. BIRRELL, addressing the students of the Liverpool Collegiate School, remarked that the master he had loved most was his drawing-master, who had taught him nothing. From whom then did Mr. BIRRELL learn to draw that beautiful picture of a crimeless Ireland?

In consequence of the strictures passed by Mr. Justice RIDLEY on the conduct of the local authorities during the recent railway strike, the MAYOR of Lincoln refused to attend the Assizes service at the Cathedral. There has been much speculation as to which suffered most by the Mayor's absence from the sacred edifice—the Judge or the collection plate.

After all, the railwaymen may not be going to rise. Their wages are going to do so instead.

At the annual meeting of the supporters of the Manchester Crematorium Dr. EMERY JONES said they should have compulsory powers to cremate people. We could give them the names of several politicians to start on.

The Repertoire of Mr. HAMMERSTEIN's new Opera House has been published. Certain works, it is announced, will be given in French, and others in Italian; but *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are set down as "Undecided as to language." Does this, we wonder, mean Broken English?

Dr. NANSEN, in his book on exploration, just published by Mr. HEINEMANN, proves conclusively that America was discovered by Norwegian rovers 500 years before the voyage of COLUMBUS. This relieves CHRISTOPHER of an awful responsibility.

"Mr. A. ROBBINS, of Bournemouth, writes to say that he picked a piece of honeysuckle in his garden on November 1st." And who, indeed, we would ask, had a better right to do so than Mr. ROBBINS?

Workmen excavating on the beach at Clacton have found the lower jaw and backbone of an elephant and the antlers of a red deer. This seems to point to an ancient precedent for the visits of travelling circuses to our seaside resorts.

The proposal that the Zoo should be removed from Regent's Park to the Crystal Palace is not likely to be adopted, but we think it would not be a bad idea if such animals as are used to the desert were sent there to recuperate whenever they showed signs of home-sickness.

Some experiments conducted by the Eastern Sea Fisheries Commission go to prove, we are told, that crabs have the homing instinct. Frankly, we are not surprised to hear that they possess this domestic quality. Any one who has come into close relations with a crab can scarcely fail to have been struck by his affectionate, clinging disposition. Given a free hand he always contrives to get home.

Speaking at a dinner given in honour of Sir W. P. BYRNE, of the Home Office, Mr. T. D. ROBERTSON stated that it was a tradition of the Home Office never to write an uncivil letter. Is it not possible that here may be found the explanation of Mr. CHURCHILL's resignation of his position as head of that department? He may have found the strain greater than he could bear.

Fashionable young men in Berlin, we are told, now have portraits of their *fiancées* printed on their finger nails. This limits the number of *fiancées* to ten, though it is rumoured that one gentleman, who is inclined to eclecticism, is now pressing his toes into the service.

Another entry for Mr. Punch's Commercial Candour Competition. An advertisement of a book published by Messrs. STANLEY PAUL & Co. tells us that the story "leaves a sense of satisfaction in the mind of the reader when it is finished."

Collectors of paradoxes will perhaps be interested in the expression "ante-post betting" used in a contemporary the other day, in an article on horse-racing.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has requested that letters for Scotland shall not be marked "N.B." It seems that this practice has created a very bitter feeling among the natives of North Borneo.

Art for Art's Sake.

On a door-plate in Glasgow:—
"J. B.—EASTERN ARTISTS.
TATTOOING DONE INSIDE."
The true artist is not concerned that the world should see his masterpieces.

In the official catalogue of an Italian Exhibition, "The Black Brunswicker," by MILLAIS, was described as "Uno dei Neri di Brunswick." It sounds more like a still-life study of grate-polish.



Porter (at wayside station, whose help in the matter of a speech of dust has been solicited). "ALL RIGHT, MISS. I'VE GOT IT. QUICK. LEND US YOUR 'AT-PIN.'"

Dr. G. LINDSAY JOHNSON, lecturing before the members of the Institute of Ophthalmic Opticians, mentioned the case of a negro with abnormal sight who could see three of Jupiter's moons with the naked eye. This reminds us that our distinguished guest, Mr. JACK JOHNSON, has the peculiar power of enabling people to see stars which they had never seen before.

The local authorities of Lochgelly and Dundee complain of the expense of birching juvenile delinquents, owing to fees of £1 1s. and 10s. being payable to the medical officer and whipper respectively. The delinquents suggest that 10s. at any rate might be saved by dispensing with the services of the whipper.

THE BITTER PLAINT OF THE ELEPHANT.

[It is understood that horses will be substituted for elephants in the State Entry that opens the coming Durbars celebrations. The writer of these lines, in deference to the judgment of authority, refrains from expressing his own opinion on this change, and merely attempts to voice the inarticulate views of the supplanted pachyderm.]

We wish to know what we have done,
What wrong unwittingly have wrought
(At present I can think of none,
Whether in deed or word or thought)
That we whose royal functions trace
Their rise to prehistoric sources
Should sacrifice our pride of place
To things like horses.

What was the feature, Sir, that most
Embellished CURZON'S great Durbar,
Gave tone to our Imperial boast
And staggered trippers from afar?
What made the stranger cry, "Gee-whiz!
That's bully; we can't claim to beat your
Circus out West?"—the answer is:
We were that feature.

In panoply of gold brocade
With frescoes, in the best of taste,
On trunk and pensive brow displayed,
Along the pageant's lines we paced;
Rolling serenely like a sea
That bears a fleet of treasure-galleys,
We scorned the tricks that seem to me
More fit for ballets.

Suavely, in single file, we swung
Beneath the howdah's gemmy hood,
Aware that India's future hung
On our behaviour, bad or good;
We might with ease (but we did not)
Have run amok and caused a melly,
Doing I dare not picture what
Damage to Delhi.

Yes, with a dignity of style
As monumental as the Taj,
We strode sedately, mile on mile,
Obedient to the British Raj;
You, Sir, were represented there,
And so will kindly bear me witness
What cool decorum marked our air,
What sense of fitness.

They call us pachyderms, and yet,
Trust me, our skins are not so tough
But what we feel it when we get
A horrid puncture in the buff;
And so with our interior parts:
When crossed in love, our vitals languish,
And to be humbled melts our hearts
With moral anguish.

Had the usurper been a beast
That once had roamed the jungle through—
A tiger, say, or else at least
Something suggestive of a Zoo—
We might have lost, with tearless eye,
Our claim to bear the EMPEROR'S lieges,
But O, to be supplanted by
Domestic gee-gees!

O. S.

THE DESCRIBER.

I MET him in a railway carriage on a Great Western express. I had been reading some proofs, and I had noticed that, as I pulled them out of my despatch case, his eyes had gleamed as though recognising something familiar. He was a pasty-faced, rotund little man with very long dusty hair. There was a velvet collar to his coat and a diamond ring to one of his fingers. His watch-chain was heavy and golden. Evidently a prosperous little man. After a good deal of fidgetting he addressed me: "An author, Sir?"

"Well, yes," I said, "I do a little in that way: an occasional article here and there, and—er—that sort of thing."

"I see," he said. "Now isn't it an extraordinary thing you and me coming together like this? You might have been a farmer, or a soap-maker, or a confectioner, or a jeweller, but you're an author, and here we are, both of us together."

"Are you, may I ask—"

"Oh, yes, I'm an author all right. And I'll tell you what," he added, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I wouldn't change authorship for anything else, not if you were to make me a partner of ROTHSCHILD'S. Not but what I make my little bit of money too."

"Poetry?" I asked.

He laughed very scornfully. "Poetry! not much. You don't catch me chopping and changing words about to make 'em fit into lines. It's a mug's game. And then think of the rhymes, dawn—morn, home—bone, and all the rest of them. No, I'm not a poet. KIPLING does all I want in that line. When he's said a thing it's said and there's an end of it. As long as he's about there's no need for me to try poetry."

"Well," I said, "what is your line, then?"

"I'm a describer," he said simply.

"A what?"

"A describer." He dropped his voice and looked round the compartment suspiciously, as though he feared that somebody might be lurking under the cushions or in the rack. "Of course," he continued, "I don't want it known everywhere. They might come mobbing round my house, asking for autographs and that sort of thing, like they did to TENNYSON, and I shouldn't care for that. But I don't mind telling you on the q. t. I do the descriptive bits under the photographs of the celebrities in the picture papers. You see it's bound to be done with a snap or it won't go down with the public; and you've got to put a bit of fancy-work into it, a sort of delicate touch here and there, or the originals of the photographs won't order hundreds of copies to be sent out to their friends all over the place. Oh, don't you make any mistake about it, it takes a lot of doing."

I assured him I was making no mistake about it and was ready to believe every word he said.

"I'm just coming back from my holiday," he went on. "Six days twice a year is all I get, and even that drops all their circulations to nothing, so I have to come rushing back with any new lines I've been able to think of. Now this is a pretty little thing. I fancy it'll knock 'em. Here's the photograph, you see. Girl in a big hat; two rows of teeth; Pom dog in her lap. Doesn't sound much, does it? But there's inspiration in it if you take it the right way. Listen: 'Lady Iverna Blushrose, who is to marry Captain Strakes to-morrow, is the second best known daughter'—nice bit that, isn't it?—of one of Ireland's most celebrated Earls. Known to her friends as 'Perts,' she is sure to acquire in Society that position which is due to her youth and beauty. Teenie, her



CHILD AND SUPER-CHILD.

CHINESE EMPEROR (*aged six*). "I AM STILL BUT A CHILD AND THESE REVOLTS ARE TOO MUCH FOR ME."

MR. BALFOUR. "WELL, I'VE BEEN A CHILD FOR YEARS AND YEARS, BUT I TAKE NO NOTICE OF LITTLE EPISODES LIKE THOSE."

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"A Recruit shall receive daily instruction in musketry until he . . . can handle his rifle with skill and confidence under all conditions and in all positions."—*Infantry Training*, page 7.
(In the above sketch we have tried to suggest the distractions of active service.)

Pomeranian, is to accompany her on the honeymoon. Teenie is a lucky dog. Her brother, Bertie Blushrose, has recently been absent from Eton owing to an attack of jaundice. What do you think of that?"

I said I had never heard a better.

"No," he said, "it's pretty good; but here's another that runs it rather close. Husband and wife standing arm-in-arm outside the porch of a house. Husband in breeches and boots, with hunting-crop in his hand, thong dangling. Six children in background. Groom standing at head of roman-nosed horse. This is how I do it: 'Honeysuckle Lodge, the charming *villeggiatura* of the modern representatives of SIDMONS and KEMBLE, is built in the Elizabethan-Doric style, the bricks throughout being elaborately pointed in alternate green and yellow. Soon Bucephalus will have his sugar and Richard Blankney, sated with the chase of the fox, will, with his family, thread the sylvan glades.'—I think I meant 'tread,' but it don't matter—in search of new effects for his forthcoming titanic production of 'Sardanapalus the Shatterer.'" You twig the style, don't you?"

I said I thought I did, but luckily at this moment we arrived at Paddington and were compelled to separate.

Mutable (sed ineluctabile) semper.

"A very large gathering, which included the Master of the Belvoir and Lady Greenall, met the Cheshire Hounds at Oxhayes Farm yesterday. A fox, which had been asleep in a hedgerow hard by, trotted off into Philo Gorse, only to find himself face to face with the Cheshire ladies."—*Morning Post*.

"Tut, tut," he said, appreciating for the first time Mr. Asquith's difficulties with the Suffragettes, "one can't get away from the women."

RAILWAY REFORM.

Office of Official Receiver.

DEAR SIR,—I note with gratitude the humane decision of the North Stafford Railway to abolish second-class fares throughout its system. This should greatly popularise second-class travelling on this Company's line, and I trust that so progressive a policy will soon be extended to the other classes. As further innovations likely to stimulate public patronage of their lines I venture to urge on railway companies:—

(1) The throwing open of refreshment rooms and buffets twice a week, free of cost.

(2) "Recognition" of the claims of passengers to tea-baskets, lunch-hampers, gratis.

(3) Issue of free magazines at the bookstalls to all bona-fide travellers.

(4) "Right to strike" ticket-collectors, whenever a passenger is so inclined.

(5) Return tickets at half single rates.

Trusting that you, Sir, will have the courage to make a firm stand and inaugurate a Press campaign in your valued columns on these broad lines,

I am, Yours hopefully,

BANKRUPT MIDDLE-CLASS.

A Silence which could be Felt.

"From first to last the grip that he maintained over his large audience was shown by the keen attention with which they hung upon his words, and the deep silence with which their bursts of silence alternated."—*Westminster Gazette*.

All of which was as nothing to the swelling roar of silence which greeted him when he sat down.

THE BITTEN BITES.

A FAMOUS lady novelist who shall for once be nameless has hit upon what cannot but be considered a very ingenious and effective way of getting even with certain papers that have expressed not too high an opinion of her work; *Punch*, we regret to say, among them. At the beginning of the new edition of her latest novel, where it is customary to place extracts from the favourable notices which her other books have received from the Press, the author has instead placed notices by herself of a few of the more influential journals. *Mr. Punch*, who has been favoured with an advance view of these *morceaux*, would hesitate to print such very candid and hostile censures were he not a naturalist, and as such profoundly interested in watching a worm having one good turn after another. Moreover he himself comes under the lady's lash.

"A copy of *The Daily Telegraph*, published this day, lies before us. The paper is damp, the ink darkens the hands. The type is sometimes painfully small and advertisements occupy a ridiculously large proportion of the reading matter. For the rest, it is verbose and indiscriminating in its use of detail, and has the vice of considering everything that has happened of equal importance. A little study of the much-cried-up *contes* of GUY DE MAUPASSANT would do it good."

"Among the most recent publications is *The Daily Chronicle*. We have read this work from cover to cover without edification. It is true that the price is low, but we are not persuaded that that is any real excuse. The book reviews might be in better hands; the headings are in gross taste, as when the account of a prisoner who committed suicide is entitled, 'Cheated the Gallows'; and the paragraphs under 'The Office Window' have a jauntiness that affects the sensitive reader like loud check trousers."

"A laborious study of *The Spectator*, a periodical issued from Wellington Street, convinces us that weekly journalism in England is in a parlous state. Kindness to animals is all very well, but to be maudlin about them for pages week after week strikes us as an insult to human intelligence. We notice also that a large portion of the correspondence columns is merely a vehicle for advertising the editor's rectitude. And who, we should like to be told, is M. BERGSON to have so much space given to him? Since when was it

"Signs are not lacking that there is a widespread revolt, among our more serious sisters, against the reckless extravagance of the last two years."—*Fashion Notes*.



MISS KENSINGTON GOARE, AFTER HER LATE ORGIE OF BUTTONS,



NOW DOES IT IN ONE.

necessary to go to France for spiritual thinkers? Are there none here?"

"A paper called *The Nation* has been sent for review. We suggest that *Stag-Nation* would be a better title. A more cantankerous, dismal sixpenny-worth we never perused."

"If we might be allowed to make a suggestion it is that *The Morning Post* should spell the first word of its name with a *u*. Anything more funereally dismal than the tone of its leading articles it would be impossible to conceive. We always thought that this journal gave an exhaustive and impartial account of the doings of the aristocracy, but to judge from recent issues there are only two peers in Great Britain, Lord HALSBURY and Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

"After carefully perusing every page of *The Times*, which reaches us this morning, including two dreary supplements, we laid it aside in annoyance that any one could have the effrontery to demand the sum of threepence for it. For there is not a joke in the whole swollen production; not one gleam of humour. We admit that one or two announcements in the death column interested us, and there was an article, not badly done, on the recent gale; but we cannot conceal our disappointment with this expensive miscellany as a whole."

"If *The Times* is dear at threepence as reading matter, what shall we say of *Punch*, which has not the same excuse of generously providing material for lighting fires? This paper is called the leading comic, but, so far as we can observe, its only humour consists in the fact that it keeps on coming out every week, and charges threepence every time." [The rest of this notice of "*Punch*" is not fit to print—not here, anyhow.]

"A dress is not made of stuff. It is made by closing your eyes and dreaming hard."—*Mme. Troby-Curtin* in "*The Sketch*."

The bill will wake you up all right.

"The Oldham by-election is peculiarly interesting in that the Liberal and Conservative parties have agreed to use neither posters nor vehicles to carry voters to the poll."

Westminster Gazette.

Give us the old days when one went to poll in a four-poster.

"We have people among us who would shoot a cherubim if they found one on Hackney Marshes."—*Globe*.

This animal, however, is gregarious, and is never found in ones.



IT IS SAID BY GOOD AUTHORITIES THAT MOTORISTS ARE GRADUALLY LOSING THE USE OF THEIR LEGS.

TO ALGERNON ASHTON, ESQ.

ON RESUMING HIS QUILL.

ALGERNON, whose long cessation
From epistolary toil
Sport for all the British nation
Threatened utterly to spoil,

Now with every nerve and sinew
We unanimously bless
Your decision to continue
Writing letters to the Press.

At the memorable tidings
All the autumn landscape smiles:
Joy illumines Yorkshire's Ridings,
Mirth convulses Scilly's Isles;

Cheerfulness returns to Woking,
Gilding the sepulchral scene;
And a mood of gentle joking
Shows itself at Kensal Green.

For they know their fame funereal
Will its pride of place regain
Buttressed by your magisterial,
Massive, monumental brain.

When you would not send them copy
Editors grew pale and thin;
Now they emulate the poppy
As your screeds come rolling in.

Frowns desert the face of BUCKLE
As he wades through HOWORTH'S
reams;

NORTCLIFFE condescends to chuckle,
BURNHAM positively beams.

As your praises forth are carolled,
Ancient foes their strife forgo;
MASSINGHAM embraces HAROLD
COX, and STRACHEY Captain COE.

GARVIN fervently embraces
BARON COURTNEY of Penwith,
While JOHN REDMOND goes to races;
Arm-in-arm with F. E. SMITH.

Deans, too glad to be decorous,
Fraternise with sandwichmen,
As they chant in tones sonorous,
"ALGERNON'S himself again!"

TOO YOUNG AT 32.

"GOOD MORNING, Sir," I said, as I smartly saluted an elderly gentleman who was evidently my new Colonel. "Good morning, Sir," he replied; "you have only just been posted here?" I responded that that was the case. "Have you seen much service abroad, Sir?" he continued. "Oh, a fair amount, Sir," I answered. "I went out to Bermuda ten years ago, then on to Ceylon, and have been for the last five years with a Heavy Battery in India." "I've seen a bit of foreign service myself, Sir," said the Colonel. "It must be quite twelve years ago since I went to Halifax." I was not surprised to hear this, as one can seldom escape going abroad when one reaches the senior ranks.

"I think you will like this place, Sir," he went on. "You have a splendid battery, a fine lot of men, good at sport, and 80 per cent. 1st class shots." I replied that I was delighted to hear it; and then an idea struck me. Could the Colonel be taking me for some one else, owing to my baldness and other indications of approaching senility? I must put him right at once.

"You are calling me Sir, Sir, and I am still only a subaltern." "Well, I'm dashed," said he, "I thought you were our new Major; and you're just a subaltern. Well, so am I. Have a drink?"

[Correspondence in the Press has recently shown that in the Garrison Artillery there are a hundred officers with some twelve years' service who are still subalterns.]

The Standard speaks of one of the Onslow Pictures as being of a "son born in New Zealand in the dress of a Maori chief." Most of us are born in the dress (more or less) of a Central African chief.

"George Oke, the golfer, who won the professional competition at Bramshot on Wednesday, is a great-grandson of 'Salvation Yeo,' of whom Kingsley wrote in his book, 'Westward Ho!'"—Yorkshire Evening Post.

Salvation Yeo (+ 8) was, of course, the well-known professional of the Westward Ho! links.

THE LITERARY ART.

MARGERY has a passion for writing just now. I can see nothing in it myself, but if people *will* write I suppose you can't stop them.

"Will you just lend me your pencil?" she asked.

"Remind me to give you a hundred pencils some time," I said as I took it out, "and then you'll always have one. You simply eat pencils."

"Oo, I gave it you back last time."

"Only just. You inveigle me down here—"

"What do I do?"

"I'm not going to say that again for anybody."

"Well, may I have the pencil?"

I gave her the pencil and a sheet of paper, and settled her in a chair.

"B-a-b-y," said Margery to herself, planning out her weekly article for the Reviews. "B-a-b-y, baby." She squared her elbows and began to write . . .

"There!" she said, after five minutes' composition.

The manuscript was brought over to the critic, and the author stood proudly by to point out subtleties that might have been overlooked at a first reading.

"B-a-b-y," explained the author. "Baby."

"Yes, that's very good; very neatly expressed. 'Baby'—I like that."

"Shall I write some more?" said Margery eagerly.

"Yes, do write some more. This is good, but it's not long enough."

The author retired again, and in five minutes produced this:—

B A B Y

"That's 'baby,'" explained Margery.

"Yes, I like that baby better than the other one. It's more spread out. And it's bigger—it's one of the biggest babies I've seen."

"Shall I write some more?"

"Don't you write anything else ever?"

"I like writing 'baby,'" said Margery carelessly. "B-a-b-y."

"Yes, but you can't do much with just that one word. Suppose you wanted to write to a man at a shop—'Dear Sir,—You never sent me my boots. Please send them at once as I want to go out this afternoon. I am, yours faithfully, Margery'—it would be no good simply putting 'B-a-b-y,' because he wouldn't know what you meant."

"Well, what *would* it be good putting?"

"Ah, that's the whole art of writing—to know what it would be any good putting. You want to learn lots and lots of new words, so as to be

ready. Now here's a jolly little one that you ought to meet." I took the pencil and wrote G O T. "Got. G-o-t, got."

Margery, her elbows on my knee and her chin resting on her hands, studied the position.

"Yes, that's old 'got,'" she said.

"He's always coming in. When you want to say 'I've got a bad pain, so I can't accept your kind invitation;' or when you want to say, 'Excuse more, as I've got to go to bed now;' or quite simply, 'You've got my pencil.'"

"G-o-t, got," said Margery. "G-o-t, got. G-o-t, got."

"With appropriate action it makes a very nice recitation."

"Is that a 'g'?" said Margery, busy with the pencil, which she had snatched from me.

"The gentleman with the tail. You haven't made his tail quite long enough . . . That's better."

Margery retired to her study charged with an entirely new inspiration, and wrote her second manifesto. It was this:—

G O T.

"Got," she pointed out.

I inspected it carefully. Coming fresh to the idea Margery had treated it more spontaneously than the other. But it was distinctly a "got." One of the got's.

"Have you any more words?" she asked, holding tight to the pencil.

"You've about exhausted me, Margery."

"What was that one you said just now? The one you said you wouldn't say again?"

"Oh, you mean 'inveigle'?" I said, pronouncing it differently this time.

"Yes; write that for me."

"It hardly ever comes in. Only when you are writing to your solicitor."

"What's 'solicitor'?"

"He's the gentleman who takes the money. He's *always* coming in."

"Then write 'solicitor.'"

I took the pencil (it was my turn for it) and wrote SOLICITOR. Then I read it out slowly to Margery, spelt it to her three times very carefully, and wrote SOLICITOR again. Then I said it thoughtfully to myself half-a-dozen times—"Solicitor." Then I looked at it wonderingly.

"I am not sure now," I said, "that there is such a word."

"Why?"

"I thought there was when I began, but now I don't think there can be. 'Solicitor'—it seems so silly."

"Let me write it," said Margery, eagerly taking the paper and pencil, "and see if it looks silly."

She retired, and—as well as she

could for her excitement—copied the word down underneath. The combined effort then read as follows:—

SOLICITOR

SOLICITOR

SOLCTOR

"Yes, you've done it a lot of good," I said. "You've taken some of the creases out. I like that much better."

"Do you think there is such a word now?"

"I'm beginning to feel more easy about it. I'm not certain, but I hope."

"So do I," said Margery. With the pencil in one hand and the various scraps of paper in the other, she climbed on to the writing desk and gave herself up to literature. . . .

And it seems to me that she is well equipped for the task. For besides having my pencil still (of which I say nothing for the moment) she has now three separate themes upon which to ring the changes—a range wide enough for any writer. These are, "Baby got solicitor" (supposing that there is such a word), "Solicitor got baby," and "Got baby solicitor." Indeed, there are really four themes here, for the last one can have two interpretations. It might mean that you had obtained an ordinary solicitor for Baby or it might mean that you had got a specially small one for yourself. It lacks, therefore, the lucidity of the best authors, but in a woman writer this may be forgiven. A. A. M.

Are Hares Carnivorous?

"After chasing a hare from a neighbouring corpse, the Aldershot Beagles despatched it in the churchyard at Crookham, Hants."

Leicester Daily Mercury.

The reporter, callous though he seems, makes a real contribution to this interesting question.

While on the subject of hares we might remind our readers that, according to *The Times*—

"The Directors of the Royal Scottish Insurance Company have entered into a provisional agreement with the National General Insurance Company by which the latter company offers to purchase all the hares of the Royal Scottish."

"TRIPOLI.—A gentleman, well connected in Tripoli (North Africa), desires to obtain an agency of a first-class tea-house to sell their tea on a commission."

Advt. in "Chamber of Commerce Journal."

This gentleman has been misinformed. The struggle in Tripoli (North Africa—in case you wondered where on earth it was) is not a tea-fight.

"Bicycle bargains, Gent's new B.S.A., made by the makers."

Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."

Nothing like a maker for making things.



FIREMEN ANSWERING A CALL.

POLICEMAN
ON POINT DUTY.



RAILWAY PORTER
INDICATING THAT
THE LUGGAGE IS
IN THE BRAKE VAN

STREET SCAVENGERS STREET SCAVENGING



TICKET COLLECTOR
PUNCHING TICKET

DUSTMAN RETIRING
EXPRESSING GRATITUDE
FOR HONORARIUM.

POLICEMAN
EFFECTING
ARREST OF
BACCHAMAL

THOMAS MADDAM

IT HAS BEEN REMARKED THAT HITHERTO IN THIS COUNTRY THE MASCULINE DANCER HAS ALWAYS LOOKED MORE OR LESS FOOLISH, AND GENERALLY TAKEN REFUGE IN FRANKLY ECCENTRIC CREATIONS. NIJINSKY, MORDKIN AND OTHERS HAVE SHOWN US THAT A MALE CAN BE MANLY THOUGH GRACEFUL. THIS DISCOVERY MAY HAVE FAR-REACHING RESULTS, AS DEPICTED ABOVE.



YOU MIGHT THINK THIS WAS THE IDEAL RESTAURANT, BUT, ALAS! THE NOTICE ONLY REFERS TO THE PIECE JUST PLAYED.

ESSAYS IN OPTIMISM.

I.—After the manner of "The Financier."

Rubber. A dull day. Prices lower all round, despite strong under-current of investment buying. Some recovery, and an ease-off; closing at the worst. Raw product falls 1½d.

Once again the ursine enemy appears to have been having it all his own way, both in Mincing Lane and the Stock Exchange. Encouraged by a slight (and, as we have often shown, wholly negligible) drop in the auction price of the material, bears early commenced to bang prices; being helped by the behaviour of timorous bulls in throwing on to the market shares which already stood at a figure preposterously below their common-sense value. Indeed it is one more proof—if such were needed—of the inherent strength and stability of the industry that the falls were not far greater than was actually the case. So far as could be ascertained, shares were in almost every case assured of a purchaser, at terms from six to ten points lower than those recorded yesterday—a fact that speaks for itself. It is, indeed, increasingly obvious that careful and far-seeing operators are busily engaged in picking up the many profitable bargains which prices now ruling offer to them, in view of the general revival, which (as we have

frequently pointed out) cannot now be long delayed.

The statement that the Government art-schools in Peru have decided in future to use breadcrumbs in preference to indiarubber, is now admitted to have been false, the market rightly treating this denial as a strong bull point. Under the influence of this and other favourable factors, a marked revival set in during the afternoon; FLINGGIS, always the bell-wether of the rubber flock, leading with a smart rise of 3d., which they subsequently lost. On balance prices were in almost every instance adverse to holders; STICKIT LONGAS being the chief sufferers on the unfavourable reception of the report. Exceptionally, BLINDPOOL TRUSTS (£1 shares, 12s. 6d. paid) were a firm spot at 12s. 3d. discount. The present state of affairs is thus seen to be by no means without encouragement.

II.—After the manner of "The Referee."

Pay day—or *Tay Pay* day—at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.

The Irish comedians of ASQUITH'S Coalition Troupe, having played their part in the bloodcurdling and highly unpopular drama of "Wrecking a Constitution," apply for the usual "treasury."

But will the ghost walk?

In other words, will John Bull allow his other island to be delivered bound into the hands of the anti-patriots? The idea is unthinkable. The recent reduction of the Radical majority by 13 (a significant figure, my masters!) in a three-cornered contest at Slushboro' is evidence that this dear old land of ours is at last waking up to the real danger that threatens her historic supremacy.

"When questioned on his traitor blow,
He answered, 'Wait and see.'
We've waited long, but now we know
That surely A.M.G."

And before Christmas too, or the prophetic instinct of Opposite-the-Ducks* is unusually at fault. Home Yule is stronger than Home Rule, and Santa Claus may be more than a match for St. Redmond. Big changes are in the air; and a prize of Two Guineas is offered to Refereaders for the postcard giving most accurately the date and reasons for

The Impending Dissolution.
Postcards only, please. Address them to the office of this paper, with "D.D." (Date of Dissolution) in the top left-hand corner, and legibly inscribed to DAGONET.

*The name given by the light-hearted Dagonet to his residence in Regent's Park.



THE EUPHEMISMS OF MASSACRE.

TURKEY (at Tripoli). "WHEN I WAS CHARGED WITH THIS KIND OF THING IN BULGARIA, NOBODY EXCUSED ME ON THE GROUND OF 'MILITARY EXIGENCIES'!"

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

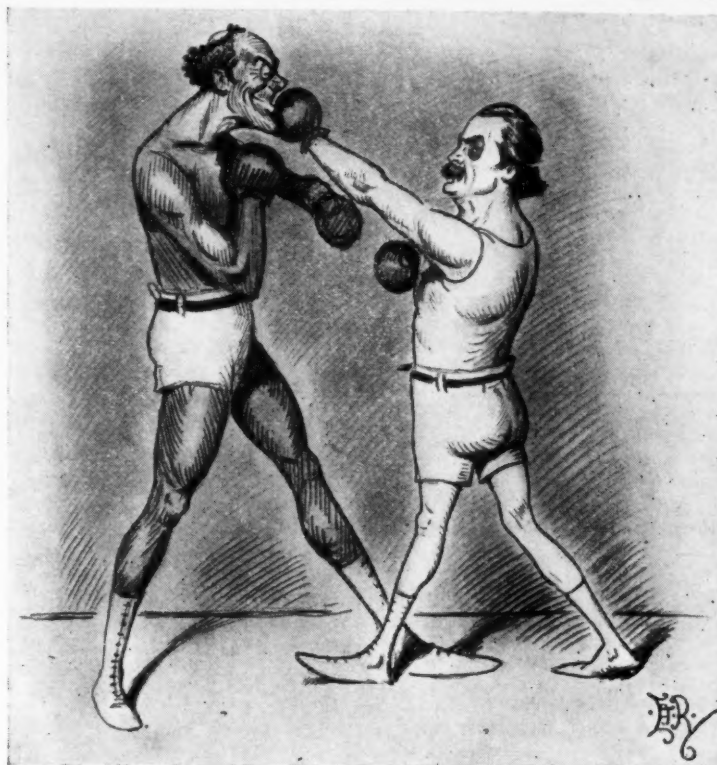
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, 31 Oct.—Since it last met the House is poorer by the loss of two Members. For many years JAMES OF HEREFORD seemed as if he were benefitting by the acquisition of the secret of the elixir of life. Handsome, debonair, witty, he was accustomed through dull sittings to flit about the Chamber like a butterfly, alighting for a moment by one or other of many friends and brightly chatting. It was characteristic of his urbanity and absence of prejudice that he found his friends in both political camps. No earthquake submerging a Party to which it was once his pride to belong interfered with his almost lifelong friendship with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

That for conscience' sake, at a critical turn in his career, he refused the coveted prize of the Woolsack is a matter of common knowledge. It is less generally known how constantly he fulfilled in political life the function of *amicus curiæ*. Differences of opinion arising between personal friends or sections of Party were frequently referred to him. His proposed terms of settlement were rarely challenged. This good work was carried out on a broader scale when, usually at the request of the working men, he undertook arbitration upon Labour questions. Within the last twelve months he began to show the effect of growing years, a large proportion devoted to strenuous labour. Almost to the last coming upon a friend he pulled himself together, talking with much of his old vivacity and pointed wit.

Lord ONSLOW, much his junior, seemed, a year ago, to have the promise of equally long life. Brisk, almost bustling in manner, he went about his daily work with contagious light-heartedness. His strong common sense, fair-mindedness and business capacity won for him a high place in the estimation of his peers. This was testified to when, six years ago, he was by acclamation elected Lord Chairman of Committees. He had great sympathy with work, not the least arduous part carried out in his private room during portions of the day when the House was sitting. Towards the end of the Summer Session he wrote a cheery letter to an old friend reporting marked improvement in his health, and speaking hopefully of the prospects of his presently being removed from Clandon to his son's house at Hampstead. It was there he died.

MORLEY and LANSLOWNE, in brief speeches, admirably expressed feelings



LIL ALFRED AND BOMBARDIER GEORGE.

(Discussing the Insurance Bill.)

"My predecessor was advised by the Law Officers that if the object and intent of the combatants was to subdue each other by violent blows—(laughter)—until one can endure it no longer—(laughter)—the contest is illegal. . . . It depends not merely on the rules which are to apply but on the way in which the fight is actually conducted."—*Mr. McKenna's reply to a question on a wholly different matter.*

(MR. LYTTELTON and MR. LLOYD GEORGE.)

of united Parties in this hour of mourning.

Business done.—Copyright Bill read second time.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Settled doggedly down to consideration of National Insurance Bill in Committee. Proceedings useful but not what you might call exhilarating. LLOYD GEORGE takes principal burden on his back, sitting hour after hour alert, resourceful, always cheerful. Finds able assistants in HOME SECRETARY and ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Being, after all, human, must take a few minutes off to snatch a bit of dinner. When he hurries in again there is generally somebody on Opposition Benches, just arrived after leisurely meal, ready to get up and gravely express "the satisfaction with which he observes the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has returned to his place."

Irish Members abstain from taking part in debate, a self-sacrifice that in some measure recurs at the Question

hour. True, that of 87 questions on paper to-day they had 17, but none rose above level of that addressed by FARRELL to CHIEF SECRETARY desiring to know "whether the name of PAT DONOHUE, Killasonnagh, has been recorded as a person suitable for an allotment on the untenanted land of Killasonnagh." Their almost superhuman self-restraint eclipses gaiety of House.

PRINCE ARTHUR does not think it worth while to look in for Question hour. Also betrays disposition to consider in the privacy of his room knotty points presenting themselves in Committee on Insurance Bill. PREMIER in his place to answer questions addressed to him. But, when House gets into Committee, "leave it to you, partner," he says, nodding to LLOYD GEORGE, and withdraws to direction of Imperial Affairs that ever beset First Minister of the Crown.

Business done.—Pass through Committee Clause 31, Insurance Bill.

Friday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, who in response to cordial invitation

has joined the HALSBURY Club, tells me of a pretty little incident that marked earliest weeks of its captivating career. At special meeting of Club held last night, the noble President was the recipient of a handsome weapon, bearing on the silver plate the inscription "The Halsbury Club." COLONEL CARSON, K.C., placed at disposal of the sub-committee who arranged the presentation his almost unique collection of shillelaghs. Each one has seen service on one side or other of the national cause in Ireland. Owing to habit of shifting of politics and persons, with which TIM HEALY and WILLIAM O'BRIEN are familiar, several have at various stages of the conflict been alternately used on both sides. From this interesting store a club has been fashioned which leaves nothing to be desired either in respect of elegance or utility.

In addition to name of the Halsbury Club the silver plate carries an inspiring couplet of verse. Seems to have been some difficulty in this matter. What was naturally desired was a personal reference to the prowess of the President, with some indication of the story of recent events which have brought him so splendidly to the fore. DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, who naturally is acquainted with the *Percy Reliques*, suggested the lines from *Cherry Chase*:

"For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps."

As the stalwart descendant of Border Earls pointed out, these lines to the seeing eye picturesquely indicate the situation. Beaten in the Lords on Veto question, HALSBURY, from lowered altitude, resumed the fight under flag of the Club.

Whilst admitting all this, MILNER, in his pitilessly logical fashion, pointed out the effect on the mind of the classical illustration.

"If," he said, "we (in a parliamentary sense, of course) cut off the legs of our noble friend, where is what is left of him, so to speak?"

"Exactly," said GEORGE WYNDHAM. "If it were WINTERTON now it would be different. Shortening by a lineal foot would still leave him of average height."

LORD WINTERTON said he had not been very well lately (murmurs of sympathy). If experiments were to be tried there was his gallant friend, CARSON, K.C., who was within an inch or so of his (WINTERTON's) height.

SELBORNE, who has hereditary poetic instinct, suggested as an alternative the lines from WALTER SCOTT's "Coronach":

"Fleet foot on the corrie,
Sage counsel in cumber."

This brought up WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

"I don't know what a corrie is," he said, "but will bet odds that the dear old Johnny couldn't do a sprint over a quarter of a mile even if he had



"LEAVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER."

behind him a bull as mad as an indigent relation left unprovided with a snug Government appointment. And what's a 'cumber'? A chamber? Well, why don't you say so? At first I thought it was all that was left of a coveumber after HARRY CHAPLIN had lunched."

At end of two hours' discussion, latter



"Naturally acquainted with the *Percy Reliques*."
(The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Treasurer of the Halsbury Club.)

portion chiefly directed to enlightenment of WILLOUGHBY. SELBORNE's suggestion was accepted, and the couplet is deeply engraved on the silver plate.

Business done.—Debate on third reading of Naval Prize Bill.

THE ORDEAL BY FIREWORKS.

ONE sees, with not unnatural fears,
How plain in other men appears
The ravage of advancing years.

Thus, in the case of What's-his-name,
One has occasion to exclaim
At his absurdly bulky frame.

And one remarks on So-and-So's
Increasing fondness for repose,
Or notes his calmer taste in hose.

But with oneself it's hard to spot
The dreaded symptoms, is it not?
One often is deceived a lot.

One looks into the mirror, say,
To find one's hair is no more gray,
So it appears, than yesterday;

Or, maybe, casting off all cares,
One frolics through the hall and tears
With wild abandon up the stairs;

And in such moments, highly-strung,
One murmurs with exultant tongue
"Hooray! Hooray! I still am young!"

Such tests are most unsound, and so
I publish, free of charge, below
The only certain one I know.

If Rockets roaring through the sky
In scorn of GUIDO FAWKES (or GUY)
Provoke no sparkle in his eye,

If Wheels and Crackers fail to thrill,
If Squibs and Bombs fall flatter still,
And Roman Candles leave him chill,

That man thereby is plainly told
To bow his head and say "Behold!
I know that I am growing old!"

"HOW TO VOTE.

PLUMBERS INADMISSIBLE"

says *The Birmingham Daily Mail*, *a propos* of the municipal elections. In this narrowing of the franchise are we to see the Halsbury Club getting to work?

"But this is a book of anecdotes, and, as such, deserves high praise. It is as enlivening as good conversation—the conversation of one who has had rare opportunities of being in good company."—*Daily News*.

All the more credit to him for taking advantage of these rare occasions.

"At first blush this Russian ballet is conventional."—*Daily News*.

At the second or third blush one suspects that some of the costumes may be unconventional.

TOBACCO v. OSCULATION.

At a meeting held in Manchester a few days ago, a campaign against the spread of tobacco-smoking was advocated, a suggestion being put forward that no one who smoked should be allowed to kiss. If this advice is followed, it will be rather trying for good and earnest young men, in these days when the modern girl is growing more and more addicted to her cigarette. Thus:—

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING INTO THE FRESH AIR.

Tell me not, Sweete, I am unkinde
That from the snuggerie
Of thy chaste smoakinge-rooms I finde
That I must straightway flee.

To light a weede I did essay
But once, when I was rawe;
I had not nipped the ende away
And soe it would not drawe.

Since then, Cigarres I have forsworn,
Nor doe I love to licke
A Pipe, and fierie Snuffe I scorn—
In sooth, they make me sicke.

So a new mistresse now I chase
If one there can be seene
Whose lippes doe not display a trace
Of pungent nicotine.

For O my queasinesse is such
As sends me through the door;
Had I not loved fresh aire so much,
I could have loved thee more.

A CALENDAR CURIOSITY.

It was next Saturday, the second Saturday of November. The balcock had gone wrong again, and Montague, after spending a grimy hour in the cistern loft (while Millicent mopped up the flood below in the hope of saving the ceilings), sat down to write a stinger to the plumber. Hardly, however, had he seized his pen with savage enthusiasm, when he threw back his head, exclaiming—

"Heavens above us!"

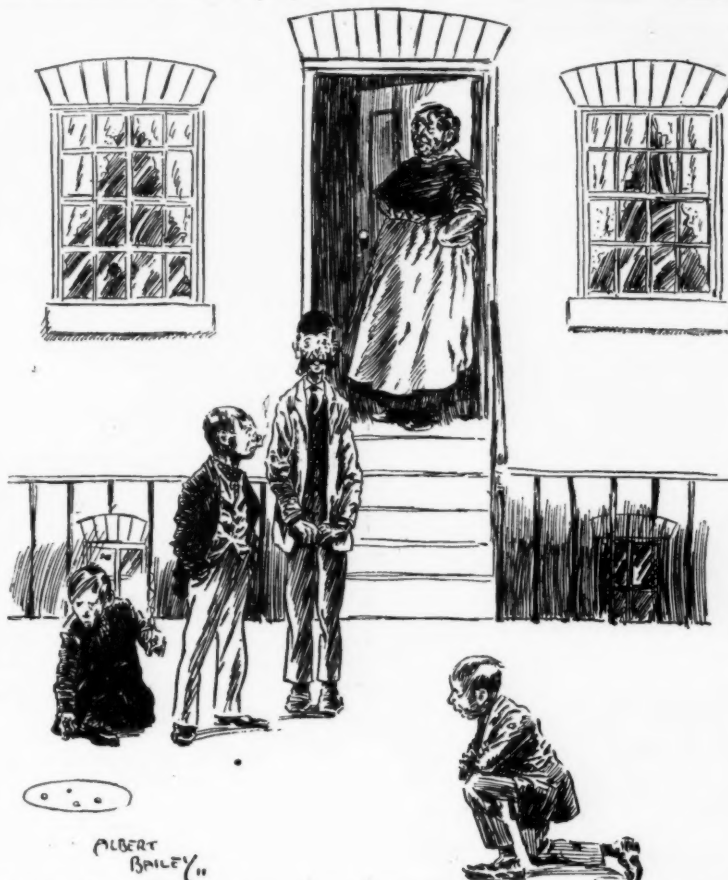
"Is it coming through after all?" cried Millicent, who was sitting on the hearthrug to dry.

"Not that I can see," said Montague, "but have you noticed anything peculiar about to-day, as a day?"

"No," replied Millicent, wearily, "only that I'm a bit fed up with it."

"Fed up with it, indeed! Why, my good woman, to-day is an eccentric, almost unprecedented phenomenon. Are you conscious of anything extraordinary in the air?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "except perhaps it's been a bit damp for a start."



Mrs. Timms. "NOW THEN, JOHN 'ENERY, YER SELFISH LITTLE INF! LET YER FATHER PLAY WITH YER!"

"No, no!" said Montague, "can't you detect anything unusual about the passing hours?"

"Is it a catch?" inquired Millicent guardedly.

"A catch—no! To-day is unique; a Phoenix, a chimera, a wonder, a prodigy among days. Coronations, cataclysms, battles, assassinations and earthquakes may make deep records on the surface of the years, but not so deep as this day. Only genuine centenarians have seen its like, and merely a handful of babes will assist at its recurrence. My dear Millicent, the twenty-four hours through which we are now passing constitute such an extraordinary occasion that I really think we must have a bottle of champagne for dinner."

"By all manner of means," assented Millicent, suddenly brisking up, "now if you like. I'm quite convinced the occasion is worthy, whatever it may be, and, if you mean it is unique because of what happened upstairs, all I can say is, I'm glad to hear it."

"No," said Montague, "I'm alluding to a more momentous matter than the balcock business, though I admit it was dating my letter to that rascally plumber made me think of it. Now do use your head for once. What is the date?"

"Oh, don't ask me," Millicent protested. "You know I never worry about that sort of thing. You guess!"

"Eleven, eleven, eleven," replied Montague.

Millicent appeared nimpresed.

"All ones!" persisted Montague.

Millicent shrugged her shoulders.

"Dates are always all one to me," she said.

"The County Council's veterinary inspector yesterday certified that death was due to anthrax, and was cremated by the police."

Yorkshire Post.

The next inspector will be more careful.

"Wanted at once, a good all-round ware thrower."—Advt. in "Lloyd's News."

An opening for our kitchen-maids.

"THE NOBLEST REVENGE."

["The Lord Mayoralty of Sir Thomas Crosby, M.D., will be memorable as one of the greatest cyster years in history."—*Daily Mail*.]

O OYSTERS, are ye swarming in,
Remembering ancient quarrels,
Now that a man of medicine
Is crowned with civic laurels?

For oft you've had but little thanks
And many a hard word from us,
And chiefly from those learned ranks
Adorned by brave Sir THOMAS;

They've blamed you in ungrateful terms
For "good" enteric cases,
They've seen us send you drainy germs,
Then flung them in your faces.

So, have ye, lying in your beds,
Or roused perhaps to sitting,
Conceived some scheme within your
heads
Dramatically fitting?

Wagging your beards, maybe you've
sworn
To mark my lord's election
By steady efforts, night and morn,
To reach a plump perfection;

That when our doctor sits to dine,
His aldermen around him,
Your native worth so clear may shine,
Its brightness shall confound him.

Maligned, you curb your righteous ire
In moral triumph o'er them,
You heap their heads with coals of fire,
And cast your pearls before them.

THE CO-OPERATORS.

I WOKE up suddenly in the middle of the night, in a cold perspiration. Many of us have done that before, especially when we happened to be the heroes of melodramatic novels, and have always known instinctively that something was wrong. It is the cold perspiration that puts us on to it. Perspiration alone would mean that we had too many clothes on the bed; cold alone, that we had not enough. But, when you get the two combined, a more subtle explanation is called for. So I lay awake and listened. I could hear the creaking of the stairs and could detect sounds of windows being forced open, locks being filed, bolts being stealthily withdrawn, and silver goods being abstracted from safes, but I could hear nothing out of the common, nor had reason to suppose that there were more than the customary number of burglars and murderers below stairs. "Same old sounds and same old ghosts," I said to myself; "it must be something on my mind."

A little flattered to discover that I had a mind, I went into the matter

carefully, but came to no conclusion. There was nothing for it but to go back to sleep, so "One, two, three, four, five," I said out loud, to attain that object, "six, seven, eight . . . Ah! that is it, of course. It is Aspodestera's birthday on the eighth and to-morrow is the seventh. I shall have to buy that present to-morrow. Yes," I said to myself, before we parted company for the rest of the night, "I was quite right to perspire coldly."

Aspodestera does not mind reading books, but resolutely refuses to own them, and, outside books, there is no form of present with which I can grapple. When we are married I shall give her pipes for her birthday presents; but when one is only engaged one has to be altruistic in these matters. The only presents that please her are things to wear, and it is quite certain that she will not wear them unless they do please her. It is very important that Aspodestera should be pleased.

I put the matter to Thompson at breakfast, who got into conversation with Draycott during the morning, and rang me up at noon to tell me that the brother of the man who works with Draycott had been in the same difficulty and had found that there was a shop in Oxford Street, known as Peter Dickinson's. So I went there at once, and was greeted by an engaging gentleman in a frock coat and a number of smiles.

"Mornin', Peter," said I; "I am quite sure that I don't know what I want, but," I added, catching sight of a competent person behind the counter, "I've no doubt your daughter does."

Peter explained that the young person was not his daughter, but it was obvious from the contempt with which they treated each other before strangers that they were relations of some sort. Peter, however, was gone before I could question him further.

"Show me some things, please," I said to the lady.

She showed me a lot of things, but I am afraid I did not understand any of them and always said the wrong word about them. Moreover, I didn't much care for them; they did not appear to me to be strong enough, and one never seemed to be offered good weight for one's money. The only thing I took to was a poplin tie, which happened to be lying on the counter (I don't think she meant me to see that), but one and elevenpence three seemed to be cutting it a little fine, and even at that I was not sure that I wasn't thinking of my own neck, when I liked the tie.

So we wrangled for half-an-hour and did no good. Eventually, "Look here,"

I said, to explain what the trouble was, "I am engaged."

"All right," she replied, being a little riled by this time, "you needn't take on about it. I'm engaged too."

I held my hand out to her across the table. "Shake," I said; "that's the best bit of news I've heard for many a long day. In the first place it lends an air of solemnity and respectability to the situation, and in the second it helps us out of it. Does Peter ever have birthdays?"

"Who's Peter?" she asked, and, to satisfy her, I pretended that I didn't know that Peter was her man.

"Do you have difficulty in getting his birthday presents?"

This time she held out her hand. "Shake again," she murmured; "you and I are fellow-sufferers." We shook again.

"We need not shake a third time," said I, "but I think we might perhaps trust each other. What price do you generally run to on those occasions?"

"Seven-and-six," she confessed, "if you must know."

"Good. Next time Peter—I mean he—has a birthday, send a postal order for that amount to Mr. Hampton, Pipe Manufacturer, Petty Cury, Cambridge, and tell him to send a straight-grain briar 'as supplied by you to Mr. Lane.' I am Mr. Lane, and he and I may be pretty useless in a ladies' outfitting shop, but we do know a good pipe when we see it. . . . Not at all," I said, as she began to thank me. "And now for the *quid pro quo*," I added, producing a sovereign.

She laughed pleasantly, partly because she saw me laughing and knew there was an old jest somewhere and partly to conceal her lack of classical education.

"Now select me something that the future Mrs. Lane cannot help liking and wrap it up in a nice parcel. You need not trouble to show it to me."

There was some mention of the word "Ninon," but whether in reference to the lady or the goods I could not say. Beyond that I have no idea what was the present I sent to Aspodestera, nor why it gave so much satisfaction. But, above all, I beg of you to regard this information as strictly between you and me. If you are mean enough to give me away and to undecieve Aspodestera as to my skill and good taste, she is sure to throw me over in disgust. Then I don't know what I shall do.

On second thoughts I am quite clear what I shall do. I shall get Peter Dickinson to die and shall marry his *fiancée*. She and I, at any rate, understand each other.



OFFENCE IS THE TRUEST DEFENCE.

Beller (entertaining a few friends in the absence of his master, who has returned unexpectedly). "MOST UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION, SIR; WITH RESPECT I BEG TO GIVE NOTICE."

SPOT CASH.

"£20 or so easily earned before Xmas in whole or spare time," was what I read on the advertisement page of my morning paper. I looked at the calendar—November the first—and then at my wife. She saw me and asked if she had forgotten the sugar.

I waved my hand loftily. "My dear Belinda, this is no trifling matter of sugar, despite the rise. I am not even commenting on the bacon, which could hardly be worse at one and a penny."

"One and two," interposed my wife softly.

"I have simply decided that you and I will make forty or fifty pounds in our spare time before Christmas."

"Fancy!" said Belinda; and I looked up sharply, but her face was demure.

"Yes," I went on slowly. "It works out at about seven pounds a week pocket money. By no means to be despised, my dear."

"No, indeed," said she.

"I shall write at once for the 'Eldorado Spot Cash Private Greeting Card Album, which contains a choice selection of 100 magnificent profit-pulling gems. Once your friends have seen this Album they will buy no other Xmas cards. Agents allowed

munificent percentages.' Belinda, pass me a postcard."

When I had finished writing it my wife asked me if I were going to the office that morning, a question rendered ridiculous by my regular habits of the past fifteen years. I told her so.

"I'm sorry, Albert," she said, "but I thought, instead of earning fifty pounds in spare time, we might manage a couple of hundred in whole time."

"Look here, Belinda," said I, "apart from the self-evident folly of your remark (for we cannot possibly get the S. C. Album until the day after tomorrow), it shows that you evidently don't think we shall make anything out of these Eldorado people."

"Do you?" she queried.

"Certainly," I replied coldly.

"Well, darling, I'm sorry, and I do believe we shall if you say so."

"I'm glad of that," said I, somewhat mollified; "but I don't like your invariably hostile attitude to advertisements. And you have a reprehensible distrust of anything with which you are not personally familiar. It—it isn't quite womanly."

"N-no, Albert."

"I don't mean to say that I want to see you foolishly credulous, ready to accept anything as genuine that sounds well. But I do like a woman to be confiding, unsuspecting."

"Ye-es, of course it is nice. I'm glad we're going to get the S. C. cards; and, Albert, darling—"

"Yes, love," said I, complacently.

"Could you let me have my first week's three pound ten in advance?"

THE OBJECT-LESSON.

FLUKES!

Well, the thing came to such a pass when Hughes was here the other night that I went straight off to the cabinet-maker in the morning.

"Look here," I said, "do you think you could make me a scoring-board for billiards?"

"Nothing easier," he answered.

That was absurd, of course, because any one without thinking could name a hundred easier things to make; but it showed that he had a willing heart.

"It must be ready by next Tuesday week," I said, "because I have a friend" (friend is good) "coming to p'ay me. He comes every other Tuesday."

"Is the old one broken, then?" he asked.

"Broken!" I replied. "No, although it's a wonder it isn't, with the appalling luck the man has. No, it's not broken. The trouble is, it doesn't say enough. The time has come for a scoring-board in a gentleman's billiard-

room to be something more than a scoring-board: it has got to be a critic, too, a censor, an instructor in decency."

The cabinet-maker whistled. "Has it?" he said. "Lumme! what price the scoring-board at the 'King's Arms' then, when we play snooker and old Ricketts loses his 'air'?" He laughed. "But just explain, Sir."

So I explained. I took out of my pocket the design I had already made; and we worked it out together. First of all we took the ordinary row of figures—1 to 20—and the hundreds, for spot and plain. "Under these," I said, "I want a series of similar rows for both spot and plain—the first to be entitled 'Flukes,' where we will mark everything that either player obtains by undue luck."

"Yes," said the cabinet-maker; "but how are you going to decide what's luck and what isn't?"

"There's never any doubt," I replied, "in the case of the man I'm having this little object-lesson prepared for. The next row," I said, "shall be entitled 'Good strokes,' and the third, 'Really good strokes.'"

"There'll be some argufying there," said the cabinet-maker.

"Perhaps," I replied; "but we shall manage it somehow. After this," I said, "I want a final row to be entitled 'Rotten.'"

"More argufying over that," said the cabinet-maker.

"Now in the game as I intend it shall be played in my house," I continued, "everything shall be recorded, as now, on the top rows; while the strokes shall also receive their points under the classification below. Then at the end of the game, when the 100 has been reached, deductions for flukes and rotten strokes and additions for strokes of particular merit, will be made; and it is exceedingly likely," I added, "that the fable of the hare and the tortoise will be exemplified and the apparent loser really be the winner. Thus justice will be done and true ability rewarded."

"Myes," said the cabinet-maker, thinking no doubt of the bad temper of the 'King's Arms' crowd.

The new board arrived punctually on the Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening Hughes came round for our regular game. I drew his attention to the board and explained its purpose.

"Very ingenious and interesting," he said. "It's your turn to begin."

"Right," I said, addressing myself to my ball. "I'm tired of giving a miss; I'll bring the balls back into baulk."

Taking my usual careful aim for a half-ball shot at the red, I made the

stroke. My ball just touched it on the right side and cut it into the top left-hand pocket, while my own ball returning from the top cushion ran straight as a train into the right-hand bottom pocket.

After a while Hughes spoke. "I suppose you didn't burn the old scoring board when you had this one made?" he inquired.

There is something peculiarly disgusting about a confirmed fluker's magnanimity.

THE EPIDEMIC.

A STRIKE for increased wages and shorter hours broke out yesterday among the Private Members employed at Westminster, and at the time of writing no prospect of settlement between the men and the Government is apparent. The demands include overtime for all-night sittings and the abolition of Autumn sessions. The attitude of the public towards the revolting wage-earners is one of apathy.

Later.—A deputation waited on the PRIME MINISTER to-day with the minimum demands of the men. The Government's reply was a firm refusal of recognition.

A number of defeated Candidates paraded Whitehall to-night demanding the right to work. They were quickly dispersed.

Several speakers, who, before the strike, had been observed in the libraries of the National Liberal and the Constitutional, working up facts, decided to-night that they could not endure to remain out with their speeches undelivered, and attempted to re-enter the House. Successfully intimidated, on the lower jaw, by peaceful picketers, they were induced to destroy the notes of their speeches and to return.

Speaking at Torquay last night, the HOME SECRETARY stated that the Government was determined to carry on the business of the country and would make arrangements enabling it to enrol members of debating societies, suburban "parliaments," etc., in order to provide the respective front benches with suitable supporters. The new Volunteer Constables (including many strikers) would, if necessary, be called out to enforce these arrangements. Only in the last resort would the military be employed.

Some light upon the matter of the further intentions of the Government is perhaps cast by the fact that the

PRIME MINISTER and the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION have each placed an order for 200 gramophones capable of reproducing loud and prolonged cheers.

No settlement has yet taken place. In order to excite public sympathy with their complaint about all-night sittings, three Members who had purposely refrained from going to bed for two nights this morning paced slowly up Whitehall, attracting a wide attention by their haggard appearance.

Latest.—A settlement was reached quite suddenly this afternoon. By its terms each Private Member will receive ninepence an hour for all time worked after suspension of Standing Orders, this sum to be increased to one shilling per hour during such time as the Member cannot remain in the Lobby and is compelled to hear speeches in order to maintain a quorum.

THE WORST FAULT OF ALL.

[Addressed to a certain type of heroine in latter-day fiction.]

Your feminine qualities (so-called) engage
To quite an alarming degree
The pens of this too analytical age,
O complex, inscrutable She!

You're a curious blend that the publishers sell
Of philosopher, savage and doll;
And aren't you a little bit crazy, as well,
Ma sœur, of the six-shilling vol.?

Don't you find it too warm in the mask beneath mask
That you and your sisterhood wear?
And how many must we pull off ere we ask
Not wholly in vain, Are you there?

You pose as the X in the problem of life,
The riddle that cannot be guessed,
Sphinx-maiden, and Sphinxier still as a wife—
I wish they would give you a rest!

A mysterious monster you may be, my dear,
With a nature none dares to explore:
But one of your faults is becoming quite clear,
The worst fault of all—you're a bore!

"Nothing is more trying to a man's nerves than an enemy creeping at a distance and firing every minute."—Lord Roberts.

Still we prefer even this to an enemy creeping close at hand and firing every second.



WITH THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON HUNT.—NO. 1.

"EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST! ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!"—*Romeo and Juliet*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is no resisting Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT. Like a gray, swirling river running underneath one of his own many-turreted castles, he carries me away, catching vainly at poor straws of criticism, as, for instance, whether it is necessary to say certain things so plainly as he does at times, and whether blind fiddlers really talked like that in the "dim days when King Maximilian III. ruled over Jadis." And then the names! In *The Song of Renny* (MACMILLAN) they are a listed tournament in themselves: *Gernulf de Salas*, *Stephen of Havilot*, *Joyeux Saber*, *Marrilion*, *Campflors*, *the Countess of Gru*. And Mr. HEWLETT has all their history and all their heraldry at his fingers' end, so that you blush for shame that you did not know about them before. My principal complaint concerning *The Song of Renny* is that the Red Earl of *Pikpointz*, who had a playful habit of killing retainers with a blow of his fist, and carried off one of the *Rennys*, after murdering her kinsfolk, and married another at the sword's point—that this nice fellow, who had got to be a sort of favourite with me, in spite of his villainy, because of his strength and his courage, was not provided with a more sterling exit. I had hoped for a scene like the death of *Hereward the Wake*, or a duel like that between *John Ridd* and *Carver Doone*, but I was disappointed. The love scenes, however, between *Mabilla Renny*, wife of the Red Earl, and her tame poet, *Lanceilhot Paulet*, the Campflors lutanist, are in Mr. HEWLETT's own unapproachable manner, and it will not surprise anyone acquainted with his works to hear that they escaped from the castle of *Speir*, and wandered together for a night and a day in the

snow; nor that their love triumphed in the end. But it may easily surprise anyone that this same *Lanceilhot Paulet* should be called *Cerbet* on page 371, line 22.

Dormant, even though it is from the pen of E. NESBIT and from the house of METHUEN, does not give satisfaction. If heroes must practise the unusual profession of corpse-reviving, they must either proceed in so plausible a manner that they convince for the moment, or must achieve such remarkable results that the impossibility is forgiven for the sake of the moral or the laugh. When, after two hundred and ten pages of palaver, *Anthony Dreincourt* brings his *Eugenia* to life, he leaves his reader cold. He gives no hint of his methods, and no engrossing issues or deductions follow his miracle. The sub-plot of thwarted love might have aroused sympathy but for the fact that *Rose*, the girl who had been alive all the time but was thrown over for the resuscitated beauty, is one of those brusquely efficient young persons whom authoresses wrongly suppose to be the ideal of their sex, and men intent on falling in love especially avoid. The youth and the *joie de vivre* and the bohemianism of her and her friends were forced and unreal, and one reads without regret of her being jilted even for a lady who had been dead these fifty years. The mystery of it all, though carefully sustained in the telling of the story, cannot have been intended as an attraction to possible readers, since it is deliberately given away in great particularity by a summary of the novel which appears on its outside paper cover. Lastly, I have too genuine a respect for the spontaneous and light-hearted genius of the real E. NESBIT to urge in favour of this book what is literally true, that great pains have obviously been taken over it.

You remember what the *Duke* in *Patience* says about the effect of a diet of unvaried toffee? Well, that is rather how I felt myself after the perusal of KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN's latest story, *Mother Carey* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is so very sweet. I know that there are persons in plenty who will go into raptures over it; who will delight in the charming children, and their adorable mother, and their kindly landlord and their perfect neighbours. All I will say is just what a nice and very much more human child of my acquaintance said of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, "They seem to have been very lucky!" Seriously, though I can take my dash of sentiment with the best, I feel that the clever author has here slightly overdone the dose. However, I suppose she knows what people like; certainly the fact that the publishers announce the book as a companion story to *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* would seem to show that it is expected to meet a popular demand. I am sorry, because the effect produced upon me was that of real talent debased. As for the story itself, it is about a perfect mother, who, being left a young widow with several perfect children, retires to economise in a kind of barley-sugar cottage, whose landlord declines to take any rent beyond a tribute of wild flowers, and eventually marries his son to the eldest daughter. What astonished me was that nobody married *Mother Carey*; but perhaps that came later. I cannot help thinking that, if rural life in America is really like that, I have been strangely misinformed.

If I had to select any one word to describe the chief characteristic of *Peter and Jane* (METHUEN) I think it should be "vivacity." There is a spirit and animation about Miss MACNAUGHTEN's tale, and her manner of telling it, which quite disguises the fact that the material upon which it is founded is by no means of the newest. Fiction has known heroes in plenty, before *Peter*, who, in the moment of succeeding to a great estate, find themselves confronted with the existence of an unsuspected elder brother. And the letter-writer who falls dead in the middle of the very sentence that would have explained all has done so, to my certain knowledge, many times previously. But this is of no great consequence if the result is sufficiently entertaining. And *Peter and Jane* certainly is that. The early part, in which the characters just live about in nice houses and talk pleasantly, showed, not for the first time, that the author has a gift for natural comedy. Later, when the action shifts into the Argentine and melodrama, I simply couldn't put the book down till I had finished it. Throughout its course you will find many excellent bits of character-drawing. My favourite by a long way (and I fancy Miss MACNAUGHTEN's also) was Canon Wrottesley, an engaging poseur with a trick of dramatising himself to suit his circumstances. There is one glaring improbability,

however, against which I must protest, where the author allows *Purvis*, the otherwise convincing villain, to preserve for so many years, and even rescue from a burning house, the document which could at any moment have exposed him. I cannot altogether believe in *Purvis*.

In *Love like the Sea* (HEINEMANN) Mr. J. E. PATTERSON's method and equipment serve him best for his spirited descriptions of the savagely masterful element he so evidently knows and loves, and for his handling of the details of sea-craftsmanship, of which he convinces me, a peculiarly guileless type of landsman, that he is a master.

He is less happy in a derived and tentative manner of treating his *Minehead* as if it were *The Five Towns*; yet clearly he has studied his portraits with sympathy, and believes in their originals as handsome, wholesome folk, courageous against the currents of evil in a refreshingly old-fashioned way. He gives you a theme of tragic interest: a young fisherman married to a dipsomaniac, with a *tertium quid* in shape of the gentle, second-sighted *Mary Milroy*, friend to both and (saving her loyalty) steadily growing more than friend to *Derreck*, the husband. She is a mystic and a writer of honest, negligible verses; a charming if somewhat shadowy heroine. The story moves with cross currents and vexing storms to the haven of a satisfactory ending. A complacent "reader" has evidently abetted the author in some odd experiments in spelling, punctuation and word-coinage.

The heroine, aged twelve, of *Pollyooly* (MILLS AND BOON) embarked upon her fictional career with no parents, twenty-two shillings and a baby brother—called *The Lump*. To keep this infant with the ponderous name from drifting into the work-house was her problem, and how she solved it is most entertainingly told by Mr. EDGAR JEPSON.

Children with angel faces—and *Pollyooly* was a "genuine angel child"—are dangerous material for novelists to deal with, but apart from her countenance and her scrupulous honesty there was nothing genuinely angelic about *Pollyooly*—whatever Mr. JEPSON may say. Indeed some of her contrivances to add to her £1 2s. and the ardour with which she smacked the heads of rude boys convinced me that she was born with her fair share of original sin. But lest I should give too robust an impression of her character I must in justice add that although she belaboured rude boys she was quite ready to kiss a nice one when occasion offered. Of *Pollyooly's* history I beg all child-lovers to read, for although Mr. JEPSON once or twice leans rather heavily upon the arm of coincidence, he has never allowed his fertile imagination really to go out of bounds. Numerous other character-sketches, slight but clever, help to give distinction to a delightful story.



Customer. "CA' YOU 'AKE 'E UP A PERSKRIPTIVE FOR A BAD COWD?"

Chemist. "CERTAINLY. HAVE YOU GOT THE PRESCRIPTION WITH YOU?"

Customer. "NO; BUD I GOT THE COWD."